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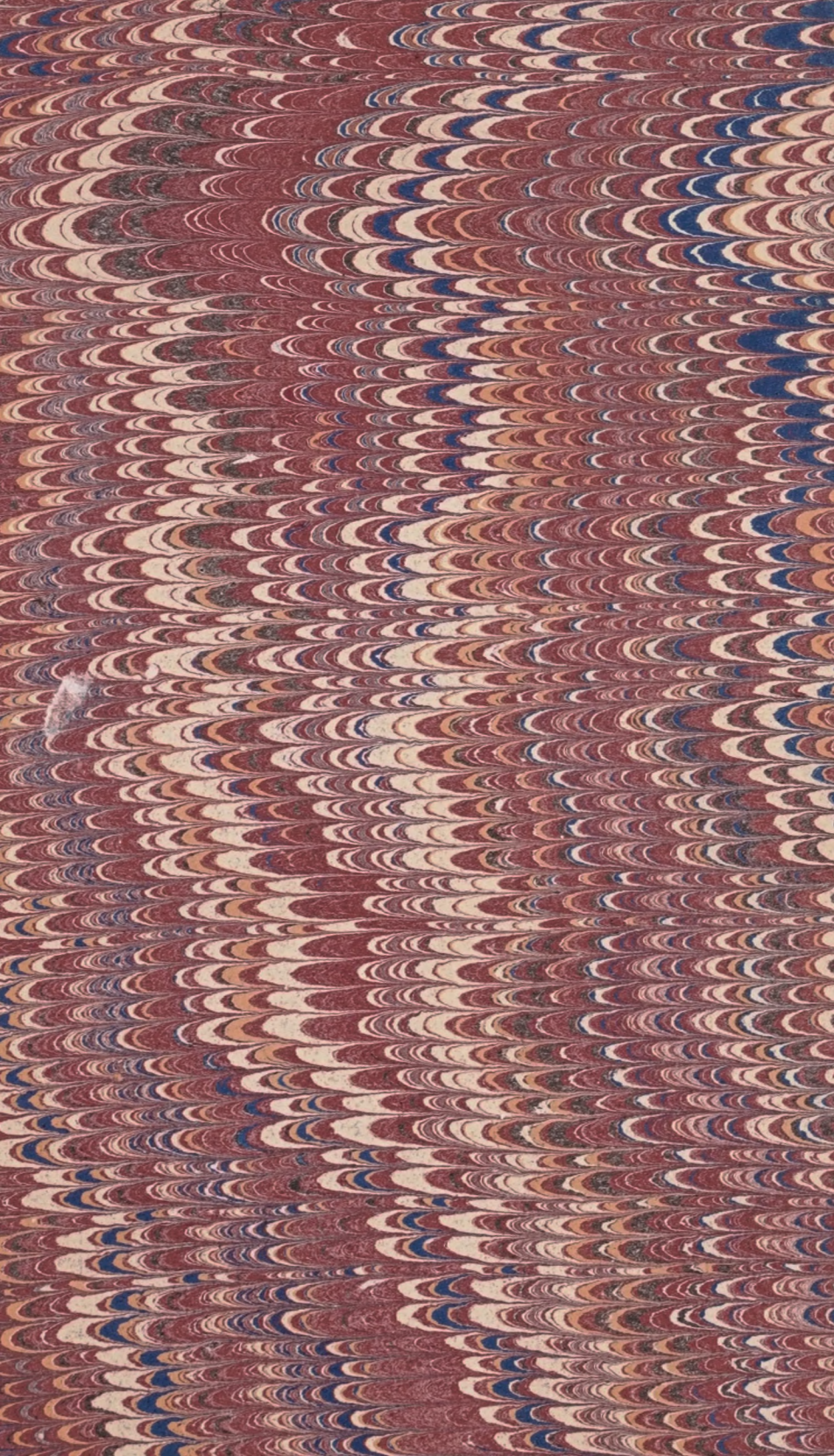
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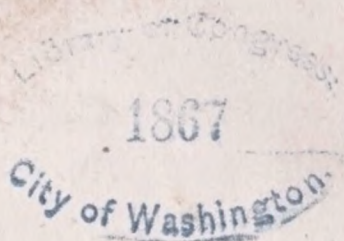


JOHNNY DERIVAN'S TRAVELS:

A Sketch

OF

OLD IRELAND.



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JOHNNY DERIVAN'S TRAVELS.

“AH! where is it you are driving to, as if there was a mad dog at your heels, Cecilia?” bawled out Mrs. McHugh, to a bare-footed and bare-legged girl, who was scrambling over the tottering wall in front of her cabin.

Cecilia stopped: “Why, woman! didn’t you hear that Johnny Derivan was come home? The neighbors is gothering to the house to welkim him, and I’m going too, to hear the news.”

“You are a liar!” again shouted Mrs. McHugh.

We must here advertise our English readers, that Mrs. McHugh meant nothing offensive by this expression, which, when

used in amicable colloquy, as on the present occasion, simply signifies, in *Irish English*, "Is it possible?" Cecilia understood her perfectly.

"True as you are standing there," she replied. "He is in it beyant an hour. My mother is up there by this, and so is Tim Moor; and Honor Selvin seen him, and says he has as good a shoot* on him as the master himself."

"Ah! Cecilia, honey, stop a minute, till I throw the cloak over my head," cried Mrs. McHugh, darting into the house, from which she quickly issued equipped for the excursion.

"Not one of yees follow me, for your lives, you young villains," addressing herself to some six or seven children, of all ages and sizes, who were flocking after her. "I'll break every bone in your skins, you unruly torches, if you don't back this minute."

* Suit of clothes.

But her prohibition was disregarded by the youngsters, who, in spite of reiterated threats and hard names, and the pretence of pelting them with stones, persisted in following her till they were all fairly lodged in old Derivan's house, already crowded with visitors.

The object of all this curiosity was a big, good-humored, slobbish kind of a young man, who seemed half ashamed, and half proud of his dark brown cloth coat and blue trowsers, which were noticed with ejaculations of admiration by all his visitors, as they advanced to offer their congratulations.

"I wouldn't know you, Johnny, if you were my own born child, you look so genteel," was the salutation of one.

"I seen him passing our door, and if I didn't think it was the Priest's sister's son!" remarked a second.

"And I wouldn't believe one word of it, that it was he at all, till Andy Dolan took his oath to me," said a third.

"I am proud to say, I don't think there

is a boy to compare to him, this minute, in all the county Mya,"* said the delighted mother.

"You might tack Slegga,† and Roscommon, to that, mother," added his eldest sister, "for look at the beautiful new carline hat."

"It's asy to see, any how," said the younger sister, "who is the favorite with the master."

"As for that," drily remarked old Peter Finnerty, who was proverbially envious, "Ben Wilcox, the coachman, had as much hand in it as ever the master had."

"Coachman!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Derivan. "Keep your disparagements for your own kin, Mr. Finnerty. There never was a child of mine wore a livery coat, or carried a cockade by the side of his hat."

"There might be a good reason for that," growled Peter, "seeing that some of them never had a hat to stick it in."

* Mayo.

† Sligo.

“ Ah! whist, woman dear,” cried old Derivan. “ Don’t we all know Peter, that he would grudge his own father the brogues on his feet, and not be able to help it? Besides, this is no time for squabbling and comparisons, when the neighbors is complimenting us, and myself dying to hear what the boy has to tell. Sit down, Johnny, and begin.”

“ Oh! Johnny, get up out of that, if you please. Do you think I have no more welkim for my own child, after three long weeks in a foreign country, nor a little crepeen,* while there is a chair in the house. Dolly, you unnatural girl! why don’t you set *the chair* for your brother. Sit down there, Johnny. Oh! boy, it’s a folly to be shy, nobody will have it but yourself. And well you deserve it, and well you become it, and it’s my heart that’s glad to see you safe and sound from the salt water, and the hathenish country it was your luck to go to. Now, boys and girls, settle your-

* A footstool.

selves as well as you can. Mrs. McTier-nan, you are a little hard of hearing, sit there foreninst him. And you, Bryan, put that bad leg of yours up on the hob. This is my place," sitting on a low stool by the side of his son. "And now, Johnny, begin, and tell us every word from the day you left us to this minute."

"The never a much of strange I have to tell," said Johnny, rather sheepishly. "And anyhow, father, I'm at a loss to know how to begin."

"Begin anywhere you like, dear," said his mother. "Sure, in your own father's house, you need not be daunted for want of a beginning."

"Why! mother," he replied, "I could talk for a quarter without tiring you, if I was wanst* set a going, for I bleeve there's not many of my years had my opportunities. If you, or any other of the boys, would just question me, you'd see how I could answer, in no time."

* Once.

“ Ah! then, Johnny,” cried a young man from the corner next the door, “ tell us first and foremost, how did the poor dogs get on with you ?”

Johnny brightened up. “ You’d be proud of them, Dennis. They behaved wonderful a-top of the coach, and done me credit with rich and poor that looked at them, particularly one gentleman, who wouldn’t be satisfied till he got out all about them. So I up and tells him how the breed was lost entirely, and how the master promised two of them to a grand gentleman in England. And then I went on, how the family was called away in a hurry to Master George, who fell sick on the road ; and how nobody thought of the dogs till he was better. And then I went over every word in the letter was wrote by the master, and how he fixed on myself, and nobody else, to take charge of them.”

“ The letter was wrote by Ben Wilcox,” said Peter, “ and the master only ordered

them to be sent by a safe hand, without naming you more nor another."

"Don't answer him, Mrs. Derivan!" said the first querist, "but let Johnny go on. You had your own bother, I'll be bound, to get them down off the coach, Johnny?"

"Not at all, Dennis. They were off and on with myself a hunderd times on the road. It was only when I got to Dublin, that the life was fairly harrished out of me, trying to get them through the streets, with everybody speaking to them, and they friendly with everybody, only Constance, that made a snap at a young buck, who wanted to read her collar; and poor Wamba, that broke a windy, by bouncing at a sham cat that was lying quite natural inside. I had a crowd about me in a minute, and only for the master's brother, the Counsellor, who met us at the coach, and paid down his money on the spot, the poor dog would be took up, for they would send anybody to jail in that lawless place, they are so grabbing and venomous."

"Leave the dogs where they are, Johnny!" cried his sister Rose, impatiently, "and tell us about Dublin. My aunt Katty says, it would be worth going twenty miles to see it."

"She might add twenty more to that, and tell no lie," said her brother. "Why, girl, you wouldn't think there was lime and stones in the world enough to build all the houses in it."

"What a fine place to folly the trade of a mason!" remarked old Derivan.

"And then," continued the traveller, with animation, "every house is so high that the birds can't fly over them! *That* I seen with my own eyes, for not one could I see the two days I was in it."

"I bet a penny, I'd get a flock of wild geese from Lough Gara would skim over the highest of them, and think little of the trouble."

"Peter," said the elder Derivan, "one word for all; I won't have the boy cowed; above all, by the like of you, who never was

ten miles the other side of the Curlieus. Go on, Johnny, for it is just instruction to hear you."

"He put me out," said Johnny, scratching his head, "and for the life of me I don't know how to begin over again."

"Is there any shop in it as big as Mr. Mulvogue's, in Tubbercully?" asked Dolly, his youngest sister.

"I tell you what, Dolly, there's not a street in Dublin that hasn't five hundred shops, every one of them six times as big as his whole house, let alone the bit of a shop."

"May I be happy," said his mother, "if I would like to live in it at all. One would be cheated out of their little penny to no end with such a pack of them."

"Had you the luck to be in it a market-day?" asked Ody Callahan, a petty jobber.

"The never a market in it," he replied. "And now that you remember me of it, I wonder I never thought of axing how they got the hay and oats to feed the oceans of

single horses and coaches and jaunting-cars that keeps gallopping over one another from morning till night."

"But where do they get the male* and praties, if there is no market?" inquired Dennis.

"As to male," answered the young man, "I don't know if they ever heard of the like. I'm sure I didn't, all the time I was there. Then, for the praties, they are sold out of shops under the ground, in little bags made of old fishing-nets, holding two or three pounds apiece. They are obliged to be sparing enough of them, I can tell you. I never was offered more nor three, or, at the most, four, for my dinner, any day since I left this house."

"Oh! wirra! wirra!" exclaimed his mother. "Is that the famishing way you were treated? What did you do, boy, to keep the life in you or the flesh on your poor bones?"

"Why, there was no want; that I will

* Oatmeal,

say for them. I had what they had themselves ; so, would it be becoming to show mismanners by axing questions, or wondering here or there ? I got plenty of bread and tea, and plenty of roast and boiled, with proper fastings, and beer, and good lying, and civil usage, and why should I not put up with a little inconveniency that could not be helped ?”

“ Right, right, Johnny,” said his father. “ When the master had to take up with what came in his way, why wouldn’t we all be accommodating ? But, by what I can larn from you, it’s no place for a country-bred man ; for a man like ourselves, used to plenty all our lives.”

“ You didn’t answer me yet about the butter and eggs, though,” said Mrs. Mc-Hugh.

“ For the butter, I can’t be positive, though they have lashings of it. But I know about the eggs. If you want to sell them, Nancy, you’d have to tumble them into a basket on your arm, and go on through every one of the streets shouting

‘Fresh eggs,’ whether they were fresh or stale, and never give over till somebody called you in to look at them.”

“I’d see them in the bottom of the Lough before I’d make a show of myself, like a ballad singer, in that way,” cried Nancy. “Pah! it’s no place for a dacent woman to have any call to, one way or other.”

“After all that,” said Rose, “I hope to see it before I die.”

“Why, it might suit your fancy, Rose,” said her brother, good-humoredly, “being one would as soon use your legs as your hands. You would have gallopping enough, if you liked it; for, barring in-door servants and hawkers, and men screeching things in a cart, nobody does anything, as far as I can see, but go pelting through the streets, up and down, crossways and sideways, and this way and that way, without ever stopping.”

“Then the bread drops into people’s mouths out of the sky?” said Peter, “since it seems they needn’t work for it.”

“Now, Mr. Finnerty,” said Johnny, in a pleading tone, “I’m only telling what I seen, and not what I am bound to give reasons for. It’s a pity you hadn’t my opportunities, and then——”

“No matter, no matter,” interrupted Rose, impatiently, “Peter likes to hear *himself* talk, and we want to hear *you* talk. Then my aunt Katty wasn’t out when she said it would surprise one.”

“Didn’t I make you sensible before, that there is nothing under the sun to compare to it for surprisingness? Think of it, Rose. There’s plenty of fine broad bridges for horse and foot, that you may cross and cross, and nothing to hinder you. And there is one poor, narrow, mane-looking* one, that a fellow in a box makes you pay the half-penny out of your pocket before he will let you put a foot on it. Then there’s houses built without a proper shape for nobody to live in, some with great ugly

* Mean-looking.

pillars sticking out before them, and some with men and women on the top of them made out of stones. Then there's a cart goes about with the faver in it, and the wheel-barrows, in the shape of kegs of whiskey, with new milk in them. And you have to pay for the very spring water, as I was credibly informed, though it walks into the houses twice a week reglar of its own accord. Then there's a man stands at every corner to give you a little newspaper to tell you what is going on, and others of them wouldn't trust you to put a hand to them without paying whatever they choose to ax. Then there's wild beasts dancing in the streets; and though every man you meet has a watch in his fob, they have a ridgment of old fellows, with poles in their hands, to tell what o'clock it is every hour in the night, when the people is fast asleep in their beds."

"I see no harm in a little civility like that," said Rose. "But tell us more, Johnny, tell us more."

“Houl your tongue, girl,” cried Mrs. Derivan. “You will never let him come to the ship, which is the thing of all others that’s terrible to think of.”

A slight shuddering was perceptible through all his frame, but he answered, with a careless air, “Sure, you often seen a ship, mother; and it’s nothing when a man is used to it, that is, if he falls asleep as I did when I was coming back.”

“I wouldn’t dread it much,” said his mother, “if it was to be on dry ground. It is the swimming on the sae would daunt me. Johnny, dear, resolve me this: Is it all out as big as it looks?”

“Troth, mother,” he answered, seriously, “you wouldn’t see the end of it if you were straining the eyes out of your head till the lids forgot to cover them. However, that’s not all the blame can be laid to its door. There’s worse belonging to it, nor many would guess by only looking at it,” shaking his head, wrinkling his brow, and shivering at the recollection.

“I can bear the boy out in that,” said his father. “I once took a sup of it to cure the pain in my right arm, and it was so cruel brackish that I foreswore it ever after.”

Johnny smiled.

“You little know what it can do, father, without letting it inside your lips. But I’ll tell you all about it, out of the face, that you may guess. The Counsellor was so careful of the poor dogs that he sent them in his own jaunting-car with me down to the hill of Howth, where the ship was waiting for us. I had only time to get into it and sit down, with my back to the water, when off we went like a shot, splashing everything before us. I am not, you know, asy discouraged, and when I seen the gentlemen and ladies quite *quite*,* and laughing and walking about, I made divar-sion for myself, looking at the black smoke out of the chimbley, and whistling, to rise

* Quiet.

my sperrits. There was no storm at first, to signify, but after we got far enough from land not to go back in a hurry, the wind began to blow like mad, and the sae began to toss about and bang at the ship, making it go up and down, up and down, till it was within an inch of touching the bottom. I was beginning to be *fretted* (I won't deny it), for the ladies run away, one of the gentlemen next to me turned the color of a sheet, and, worse nor all, the dogs set to moaning, when the fret was knocked out of me clane by the most rack-ing sickness ever fell upon a man. The sorest brash I had all the time I was taking cures for the aguy was nothing to it. I couldn't tell the half of it, only that it went on kinking and kinking till I felt I had no inside left, or if I had, that it couldn't be there long, by the way I was wrought. Every bone in my body was out of joint and useless, barring my throath that would never stop. And there I lay in that woeful situation, without a Christian

to stretch out a hand to me, for the passengers were all as bad as myself, dying fast about me, only one unnatural brute of a man that kep laughing at me, and telling me it would do me good."

"Stop! stop!" cried his mother, wiping her face with her apron. "I am nearly all out as bad as yourself. Oh! did I ever think a child of mine was born to that hardship! Oh! Johnny, where was the sense you always had the name of, that you didn't quit it, the minute you took bad?"

"Why, mother; where would I go to? Is it into the bottom of the sae you would want me to fling myself, and die out and out entirely?"

"Not at all," she replied, rather pettishly; "what was to hinder you threatening them with the master, or Father McGrimmock, if they didn't let you out on dry land?"

"It's easy to talk, mother dear; but where was the dry land? Why, one time, when I got a little pace, and thinking to have one

look at poor Ireland before I died, I raised my head and looked round and round, and now boys," addressing himself to all his hearers, "don't misdoubt my word, when I promise you that there wasn't as much dry ground as would sit on the palm of a child's hand!"

"You had the heart of a lion," said his father, "that's all I can say, to be alive after that sore sight."

"Did you get better soon, Johnny?" inquired Rose, anxiously.

"The sorrah much, Rose. The fits was off and on to the very end, that I couldn't say I was better or worse, for one minute together. All I can tell you is, that if I had six perch more to go, I wouldn't be here now to tell the story."

"Was it the storm, think you, made you so bad?" asked the father, tenderly.

"It had a hand in it, sure," he replied. "But them that tried it often, warned me that it is the nature of the sae to murder

everybody that puts a foot on it, barring captains and sailors."

"Then how does the people live it out," asked Peter Finnerty, "that has to go to America, when they will be five or six weeks, or more, like my wife's brother-in-law, on the salt water?"

"Mr. Finnerty," answered Johnny, with dignity, "there's things beyant my capacity, and I only know what I know."

"But if the sae has the same fashion always with it, as you would give us to understand," persisted Peter, "how could the boys going to America stand it? Answer me that, if you can! What use in travelling, if you don't bring back knowledge as well as curiosities?"

Johnny looked down and remained silent. His mother muttered to herself, and boxed the cat. Dolly heaped turf on the fire. Rose changed places with Mrs. McHugh, and old Derivan coughed most pertinaciously as long as the silence continued. It was, however, soon broken by Holbrook

McGandy, the surveyor, who was what we call in Ireland a knowledgeable man.

“Since none of you seems inclined to speak,” he said, “I may as well give you my judgment to clear up the mistake betune you both. England and America, you see, is two places, and the same sae that brings you to one must be different from the sae that brings you to the other. Isn’t that plain? Well, then, why wouldn’t the sae be like any other road? And sure your own sense will tell you that the road to Slegga is a pleasure to travel, and the road to Curnabrach is a weary job for man or baste. Put them together, and you’ll see, Peter, that though the sae to England may be troublesome and unwholesome, the sae to America may be as level and cheerful as the commons of Larney.”

“You have answered him!” said Mrs. Derivan, with a look of triumph at Peter. “There never was one belonging to me could be challenged for telling lies of small or great. I knew all the time what was the

differ, only I didn't think it worth my while to be answering. But I am sick of the sae, Johnny dear, so quit it, and tell us about foreign parts."

"After eight hours," he continued, "myself and the poor dogs was put out at a place called Holyhead."

"Well, what a name!" exclaimed Dolly; "I am sure that was a dislate spot, or I am far mistaken."

"So you are, Dolly; you never were more out in your life, for it is a beautiful place, the picture of Ireland. You would think you were in Tubbercully itself, only that the people speaks their own language, which is, for all the world, like turkey-cocks, and the women dresses themselves like men."

"The brazen hussics," cried Mrs. Derivan; "have they no flax or wool to make themselves dacent petticoats, like Christians?"

"Oh! Nancy McHugh, woman!" said Rose, "only think of us all having to send

for Harry Gallagher, the tailor, to make our clothes after his cutting out?"

"If I didn't think he was joking," said Nancy, "I would say that they ought to be transported, every one of them, till they mend their manners."

"You take me up too short," said the traveller. "I didn't say they wore coats and waistcoats; I only said they wore black beaver hats,* just as a man does."

"That's a raal curiosity to go over the saes for," said Peter, "as if we never seen Miss Thomasine with a riding-hat on her head."

"Did I say one word about riding?" appealed Johnny to his auditory. "Didn't I make it plain to you, that it was walking they all were."

"True for you, boy," cried out a dozen

* The dress of the Welsh peasant women consists of a black beaver hat, short gown, short petticoat of domestic woven stuff, and apron. They are great knitters, and often carry their work with them as they walk.

together, "never heed his contradictions, but on with you, Johnny!"

Encouraged by this general approbation, he proceeded: "The poor dogs were well, the minute they landed; but as for myself, the ship was in my head for ever so long after. I staggered about like any man coming from a fair, with everything dancing round me, and the ground swimming under my feet, as if the sae wouldn't let me alone wherever I was. At last, I came to an elegant inn, and I had only time to give a bit to eat to the dogs, when I was again mounted on the top of the coach with them beside me."

"Think of that," said his mother, "they have coaches there, just like ourselves."

"Ah! woman dear," cried her husband, "don't show your ignorance. Why wouldn't they have them? Why wouldn't all the world have what the rest of the world has? What's to hinder them taking pattern by us when they have sense to see the differ? Let the boy finish what he has to say, that

is well worth coming far and near to listen to; or if you will ax questions, ax them prudent. Mind the way I go on with him! Was it a country place all out, with a road, or was it streets the coach was driving through, Johnny?"

"It was a road like another," he replied, "and the country was passable enough to look at, with a fair prospect all around. I could find no fault to it, but that there were few houses, and it had a could, drary look, for want of a bit of bog now and then to enliven it."

"I only wonder there was a house in it at all," said Mrs. Derivan, "for four stone walls is but a poor inheritance, without a sod of turf to warm one's self at."

"Now, Johnny," inquired Dennis, "do you think that the dogs, the creatures, was sensible they was out of their own country?"

"Just as well as yourself, Dennis. It was long before they could bring their minds to be contented. They couldn't bear to listen to the Welsh people, and would growl

and snarl when one of them opened their lips to them."

"Poor brutes!" said old Derivan. "Could any one blame them? It was other sort of company they kep when they was up at the Castle. But how them wild people must have wondered at you, Johnny," looking up at him with admiration. "It is well, boy, it didn't make you constated for ever, with the respect they must have showed to one of your civilization and breeding!"

"I don't know how it was," said his son, "but they all knew where I came from in a minute, and some of them, that never seen my face before, would call me Paddy, after my uncle in Corrigh-a-granna."

"How stories travels!" cried his mother. "I'll engage somebody went and tould them of the fight I had with that man," pointing to her husband, "to have you called Pat, after my own poor father; heaven be his bed!"

"The English soldiers, when they were

quartered in Ballina, called every one Paddy," said Peter Finnerty. "It is the only name they can get their tongues about, and it's not by way of complimenting us they are so glib at it."

"Mr. Finnerty, I'm not telling about the English, I'm telling about the Welsh people, that never came in *your* way; so how can you contradict what you have no notion of?"

"He'd contradict the daylight, if it had a good coat to its back," said Mrs. Derivan, "and I say that to your face, Peter Finnerty, though you are a near friend of my own by the mother's side. Go on, never heeding him, Johnny; he will be better humored when he gets a glass by and by."

Johnny continued: "There was nothing uncommon all along the road, for ten or fifteen miles, or may be a trifle more, only that big mountains were drawing near to us every step we went. The sight of them warmed my heart, as they put me in mind of my own Croagh Patrick, though they

weren't near so high, and had no shape with them; and I was comforting myself looking at them, when, all on a sudden, the road gives a wheel, and I saw a big white thing like a parcel of ladders stuck up in the air right before us. 'What's that?' says I, to a man sitting beside me, who could understand good English. 'The bridge,'* says he. 'Is it that?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'And will we go over it?' says I. 'Why not?' says he. 'Is it over the tip-top of it?' says I. 'Why, would you go over the bottom of it!' says he. With that, I got the two dogs' necks tight under both my arms, that when I jumped off I could pull them both along with myself, for the nearer we drew to the flimsy, raggidy-looking thing, the more positive I was not to venture my life with it. However, thought is a good thing; it often hinders a man from doing in a hurry what he would be ashamed of after. I considered with myself how courageous I

* The great suspension-bridge across the Menai Straits.

faced the sae ; how I never let on the terror of my heart, when there was nothing but sky and salt-water before me to set a foot on ; and it came home to me, that it would miscredit the country I came from, if I turned my back on what ignorant Welsh people would do ; so I fixed in my mind to sit where I was, and let them drive upon pitch-forks, if they liked it."

"Different people has their different ways," said Peter. "Now, man and boy, I never was fearful to pass a bridge if there was a bit of it together ; nor I don't see what there is in the worst of them to daunt a boy that has two legs, not counting hands."

"If you would wait till I come to it, Mr. Finnerty, you wouldn't be so impatient ; and maybe you would be started yourself, if you thought you had to drive ever so high up a thing like a narrow slanting step-ladder, and come down the same way the other side."

"He would never do it !" said Mrs. Derivan. "In his best days he was far from

active, and what a way he would be in now, when he is feeble on his limbs."

"At any rate," said the father, "a step-ladder might answer well enough for a bridge, only, if bastes had to pass it, I don't see how they could keep their footing."

"Well, father, we hadn't to climb, after all. And now, boys, will you bleeve me? for I wouldn't bleeve all the men in Con-naught, only I seen it with my own eyes, and driv over it four times as steady as I'm sitting on this chair. Only think, boys, of a bridge made all of planks and chains, and criss-crosses, and iron poles, and pitch and tar, standing on nothing, as good as hafe a quarter of a mile long over the broad sae itself, with the never a turn of an arch in it, perched up in the clouds, and sloping down to the ground on both sides. Then add to that, a coach and horses gallopping like mad over it, while a ship, in full sail, comes spanking under it, with room for another to be stuck on the top of it, and no fear to touch the bridge after all!"

“That bangs,” said Peter; “I wouldn’t bleeve my own eyes if I was looking at it.”

“Then I bleeve it all, Johnny,” said McGandy, “for one of the sappers and miners was telling me every haporth about it. You describe it pleasingly enough; but, if you will listen to me, I will explain it to you all on the spot.”

“Don’t trouble yourself, Mr. McGandy,” said the mother, “it’s as plain as a bridge ever was. I have it all before my eyes, this minute, with the sensible way the boy has of telling it. Them that is stupid,” glancing contemptuously at Peter, “may be axing nonsensical questions, but I want now to hear if ever he got to the end of the journey.”

“I hadn’t to go far, after that,” continued Johnny. “The coach passed on through a long stravaguing, dark-looking place, called Bangor, and stopped shortly at the very inn where Master George fell sick, and where the family was stopping ever since. There was joy enough to see

me, you may be sure, and plenty of commendations I got, for the good condition the dogs was in. The never a foot would they let me stir for more nor a fortnight after, for Ben got a bite from the young coach-horse in the shoulder, that laid him up, and the mistress would have nobody to drive out Master George, in the car, but myself."

"You didn't put on the box-coat, did you?" asked the mother, her color rising as she looked at Finnerty.

"No, nor never was axed," he answered, proudly. "The master complimented me with the new clothes I have on, when I would take no payment but my travelling charges. His own born son couldn't have more respect, and he sent me home like a gentleman; so that I got into the ship at night, and fell fast asleep before it set off, without once wakening till I was landed in a jaunting car near Dublin."

"Then you may trust me, that the sae

has no power over sleep," said Mrs. Derivan; "and it is a good thing to know that, if ever one had the misfortune to come across it."

"Not a know I know, if I was sick or well," said Johnny; "being, as I told you, fast asleep all through."

"Now, Johnny," asked old Derivan, "in that country is there houses fit for the family to live in? fit for a lady like the mistress? You know what she come of, and that it is not what is common would do for her."

"There's nothing in it like their own place, father. Them people wouldn't know how to run up a great house if they went about it. There's one man there who is building an old castle, that when it is finished won't look one bit better nor the walls at Ballismullen."

"Likely they haven't plenty of stones fit for the building," said McGandy.

"Not finer in Ireland, Holbrook! And as for slates, they are as common as ditch-

water. Everything is made of slates. They make paving-stones of them, and steps of stairs of them, and hedges of them, and tombstones of them."

"Coul* things they are," remarked Mrs. Derivan. "One good layer of thatch would answer better nor a shipload of them. I have only one question more to ax, Johnny. Had you opportunities there for minding your duty?"

"Ah! mother," shaking his head, mournfully, "it is the terrible spot for that. The never a chapel in it at all, and it isn't long since a Priest wasn't within forty miles of it. The awfulest sight your eyes could ever look on, was to see the shoals of rich and poor, flocking to the church four times a Sunday, with the aged men carrying Bibles under their arms, while the poor Priest hadn't dacent convanience for saying mass to eight or ten of us, in any sort of place that could be had for charity."

* Cold.

“Well, you are back out of it,” she exclaimed, rising; “and I tell you, Kit,” addressing her husband, (“for it was *your* doing to go and give your consent,) that if all the dogs in the country were running mad for a care-keeper, not one of my family shall ever again put their selves in the way of destruction, for body and soul, by sae or land; no, not if a full shoot of clothes, and boots into the bargain, hung on every hedge for the lifting.”

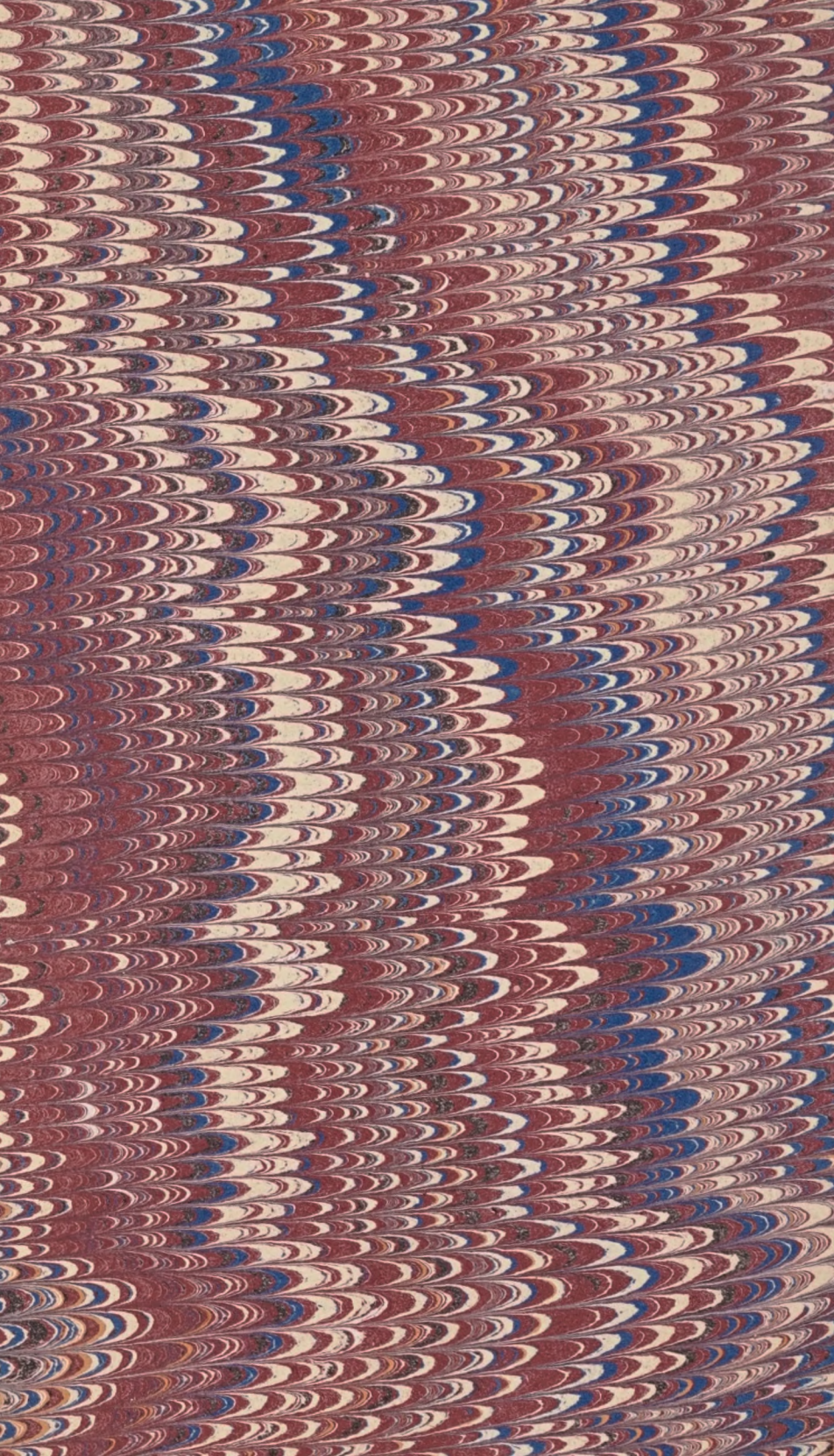
“You are as foolish a woman as one would wish to see,” said her husband. “Oughtn’t you to be proud, that your own son brought you credit where you never were, nor never will be, and where I am bould to say, one of the name will be welkim’d for a hunderd years to come, on his account? Oh, stop, boys,” seeing some of the company about to take leave, “here is the girl with the whiskey, and not a foot will one of yees go, till you take a glass to drink success to Johnny. Mrs. Magaw, you shall have the first glass, for it was

you had the good luck to have the first sight of him. No, you shall have the first turn after myself. It isn't fitting that anybody should have the advantage over me the night my own child came back safe and well to my house. Here's your health, Johnny," filling his glass, "and I wish every poor man in Ireland had a son like you, to make them proud of themselves, and all belonging to them."

THE END.

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